
Title: Bloodclot

Author: Morigan

Born Brutus Carni in
Britain, Brutus spent
most of his time
growing up in
a large house with his
rich merchant father.

For his mother had
fallen
extremely ill after
the day of his birth.
She soon passed on,
Brutus being
supported entirely by
his father, Adam's
work. Adam always
felt Brutus
had the talent to be
something special
when he grew older.
Hence when Brutus
pursued a hobby in art
his father followed
him all the way. As
Brutus reached
the age of 15 he
possessed the ability
to outdue all painters
and sculptors
in Britain. He was
superior to all his
peers, a true genius.

And then
the trouble came.
Unaware of what was
coming to be, Brutus
saw men break
into their house
violently grabbing his
father, bracing him
with chains
and beating him
severely. All that
was left was the
darkness of the cabin
and Brutus weeping at
the sight of his
father's blood.
Months past as

Brutus
found his way to the
trial. The judge
pounded his hammer
staring at Adam.
"Adam Carni, for the
many scams and
crimes you've been
accomplice to. In
the name of British,
we the court find you
guilty and sentenced to
hanging".

Brutus watched his
only freind and
family die that day.
He went to the
streets of Britain,
homeless searching
for shelter. Soon he
stumbled upon
a sewer that would
give him protection
until the rain died
down. He was
met with hidious
creatures, the
Nosferatu,
surrounding him and
embracing
him into the dark side.

Brutus found a new
family and with that
the story
of BloodClot was born,
with the future terror
he wreaked on Britain.

With
several years passing
BloodClot began to
search for new ways
to further
his taste of carnage on
the "traitors" of
humanity. He learned
of the Order
of the Ebon Skull and
felt they may prove
more productive to
serve. Maybe
they'd even find a
cure for this
disgusting body, to a
more suitable form.
Until that day the
mental scars still
remain and this
creature will remain

more will remain
more animal than
man.